

## Woody Guthrie "Talking Dust Bowl Blues"

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Back in Nineteen Twenty-Seven,  
I had a little farm and I called that heaven.  
Well, the prices up and the rain come down,  
And I hauled my crops all into town --  
I got the money, bought clothes and groceries,  
Fed the kids, and raised a family.

Rain quit and the wind got high,  
And the black ol' dust storm filled the sky.  
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine,  
And I poured it full of this gas-i-line --  
And I started, rockin' an' a-rollin',  
Over the mountains, out towards the old Peach Bowl.

Way up yonder on a mountain road,  
I had a hot motor and a heavy load,  
I's a-goin' pretty fast, there wasn't even stoppin',  
A-bouncin' up and down, like popcorn poppin' --  
Had a breakdown, sort of a nervous bustdown of some  
kind,  
There was a feller there, a mechanic feller,  
Said it was en-gine trouble.

Way up yonder on a mountain curve,  
It's way up yonder in the piney wood,  
An' I give that rollin' Ford a shove,  
An' I's a-gonna coast as far as I could --  
Commence coastin', pickin' up speed,  
Was a hairpin turn, I didn't make it.

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you,  
The fiddles and the guitars really flew.  
That Ford took off like a flying squirrel  
An' it flew halfway around the world --  
Scattered wives and childrens  
All over the side of that mountain.

We got out to the West Coast broke,  
So dad-gum hungry I thought I'd croak,  
An' I bummed up a spud or two,  
An' my wife fixed up a tater stew --  
We poured the kids full of it,

Mighty thin stew, though,  
You could read a magazine right through it.  
Always have figured  
That if it'd been just a little bit thinner,  
Some of these here politicians  
Coulda seen through it.

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